

## Halloween 7: Bloodline

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Summary: This is my version of how the movies should have gone after Halloween 6. Please read and review. :

## Halloween 7: Bloodline

Disclaimer: The characters in this story are not mine, I do not claim any rights to them. They are the property of John Carpenter and the others that worked so hard to create these movies. This is just my little take on how I thought that Halloween H20 should have gone. I hope that you like it and don't kill me for the way I think it should have happened. Just please read and enjoy. :) And don't forget to review please!

><br>

>"THE CURSE OF MICHAEL MYERS"<br>

>BLOODY FINGERS GRAZE THE WALLS,<br>SHRILLS AND SHREEKS RUN THROUGH THE HALLS;

>UP BEHIND YOU HE WILL CREEP,<br>INFLECTING UPON YOU THE ENTENAL SLEEP;

>A BUTCHER'S KNIFE HELD IN HIS FINGERS,<br>AMONG THE SHADOWS HE FOREVER LINGERS;

>AS HE STABS YOU IN THE HEART,<br>FROM THIS WORLD YOU DO NOW PART;

>YOUR BLOODY FINGERS GRAZE THE WALL,<br>AS YOUR BODY SO DOES FALL;

>OF HIS QUEST HE NEVER TIRES,<br>BEWARE, FOR HERE COMES MICHAEL MYERS...

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>This story takes place after Halloween 6.<br>

>Prologue<br>Smith's Grove Sanitarium

>October 31, 1995<br>Halloween

><br> "Dr. Wynn...Sir? There's a Doctor Loomis here to see you," said the nurse as she stared at the back of his tall, black, leather chair.

>There came no reply.<br>Terri, who had now been a nurse at Smith's Grove for nearly three years now, decided to try again. "Dr. Wynn?" she repeated haggardly.

> "Send him in," he growled at last. "Then go and finish your duties for the evening." He waved his hand out from behind the chair to dismiss her.<br> "Yes, Doctor," she nodded.&br/>>After she was gone, Dr. Wynn began to hear the tapping of a cane approaching the room. Slowly, yet steadily, it continued to near. Dr. Loomis had arrived.<br> "Ah, Dr. Loomis," Wynn spoke as he turned the chair about; his silvery-white hair glistening in the light.

>"Why?" muttered the crippled, old man standing before him. "You know, I wake up every morning and as I think of what's happened over the past seventeen years, only one word comes to my mind...why?" Dr. Wynn gazed up at Loomis with an icy stare and folded his hands together upon the desk before speaking.<br> Quietly he chuckled, "Why?' you ask? It's very simple, Sam. I'm surprised you never figured it out for yourself." He paused for a moment before continuing, "Someone was needed to do the sacrifices."

>Dr. Loomis stared at him, still not quite understanding it all. Dr. Wynn sat, deciding whether or not to go on, as he took a deep breath.<br>"You see Michael was born Halloween night at the exact same moment the constellation of Thorn aligned. It is written that a child born on the night of Samhain is doomed to carry out the sacrifices of Thorn as an offering from the tribe." Again he grinned at Loomis.

> "It is written! Whether it is written or not does not give you the right to destroy his life and that of everyone else that crosses his path. He was just a boy. A sweet, innocent- God damn, six year old boy! And you...you corrupted him. You've taken away his life, his very soul; turned him into that, that...thing!" Loomis screamed, while shaking his cane at Wynn.<br> "Dr. Loomis, you're taking this way too seriously," he replied while keeping a close eye on Loomis' cane. "I think your business here is now finished, Doctor. After all, you and I both know there's nothing you can do to. Good day..."

> Slowly Loomis began to turn about, but stopped. Lifting his cane back up at Wynn. "One of these nights, you'll probably be sitting here in your chair, going through your files, or one of your twisted experiments; he'll come looking for you." A smirk crossed Wynn's face at Loomis' words. "What makes you think that Michael, the Michael, you've trapped somewhere deep down in that, that vessel of evil, doesn't wish to come and seek his revenge on you for what you've done to him? After all...he's not completely gone, Dr. Wynn."<br> "Loomis you've always been an ignorant fool. Even if that were all true, what I've have done to him is, by now, far too much in control now to allow any of that to happen..."

>Stopping a moment, he carefully eyed Dr. Loomis. There was look in his eye, a distinct glimmer. "You think you can save him, don't you?" A smile slowly spread across Wynn's face, growing bigger and bigger until Wynn finally began to chortle in amusement. <br>Realizing the conversation was going nowhere, Loomis gripped his cane tightly as he hobbled for the door, leaving Wynn to his apparent amusement with Loomis' ideals.

><br>Chapter 1

>Haddonfield, Illinois<br>October 30, 1998

><br> Fresh autumn leaves grazed the streets and homes in the small town of Haddonfield, Illinois as a slight breeze whisked them about. The sky was a bit hazy as the sun remained somewhat hidden behind thick, grayish clouds. All and all, it was quite a nice day for this time of year.

>However, today was not just any ordinary day in Haddonfield. It was the day before Halloween; although the holiday had been banned from Haddonfield for nearly eight years now, the memories, the horrible,

terrifying memories of Halloweens past remained. When serial killer Michael Myers roamed the streets, searching, hunting, waiting...<br>For not more than three years ago, he had returned, seeking out revenge, as many put it, but Tommy Doyle knew the truth. Michael Myers hadn't been seeking revenge...he'd been seeking rest.

><br>The townsfolk were somewhat anxious today, not only because of the date, but also because Tommy Doyle and his new wife, Kara Strode had moved back to Haddonfield. The couple had mysteriously disappeared after the Halloween of ninety-five, along with the only known surviving heir to the Myers' family, Steven Lloyd, and Kara's nine year old son, Danny.

> The house of the Doyles was surrounded by moving trucks this morning, as the family began to settle into their new found home.

<br>Steven, now three, sat on the front lawn playing with some toy cars and model airplanes as his brother, Danny, sat on the front porch with the family dog, Apollo. Their parents were busy at the moment instructing the movers on where to put all the furniture.

> "Careful!" cried Mrs. Doyle as the movers lowered a couch from the truck. Annoyed, one of the movers turned to her and expressed his full opinion.<br> "Look lady, for the tenth time, we ain't gonna drop your couch, your dressers, your lamps, or any of your other crap. So just go sit and look pretty." And with that he and his coworkers carried the couch to the house.

> Kara closed her eyes and took a deep breath in frustration. Her husband, Tommy, looked at her as he placed his hand upon her shoulder for comfort.<br> "Tom?" she uttered quietly.

> "Yeah?" he asked as she turned to meet his gaze.<br> "I'm not so sure that it's was such a good idea to be moving back here to Haddonfield. I mean...he's still out there somewhere; waiting for just the right moment, and he's not gonna stop until he gets to Steven."

>He could now see the desperate look in her eyes, and he realized that this was the last place she wanted to be right now.<br> "Kara, I'm sure he probably thinks we're long gone from here by now. After all, this is the last place anyone would expect us to be, besides-" Kara quickly cut him off before he could finish.

> "Doyle! His house is across the street from us! Right there!" she shouted, pointing to the house. "That is HIS home and one day, he's gonna come home to it, and that day's gonna be Halloween night."<br> Tommy looked over to the house, a chill running up his spine as he did so. "Kara..." he said, facing her again, "I promise you...he won't get you, or Danny, or Steven; he's not coming back."

> "Yeah, well, I just hope you're right for OUR sake." Turning her head, she glanced back at the kids, then Tommy. "Because tomorrow's Halloween." <br>He watched her as she walked away, then again looked at the old Myers' house. As he did so, the chill returned, inching up his spine, as if it were trying to tell him something...

><br>Chapter 2

>Smith's Grove, Illinois<br>

> "Dr. Wynn?" came a knock from the door. Wynn turned and saw Terri's face through the tiny window at the top of the thick, steel door. Getting up, he walked over to the control panel on the wall and keyed in the code to release the lock. There came a soft hissing sound as he did so and Terri quickly stepped in, wearing her white uniform and nurse's hat. Her dirty blonde-hair looking a bit out of place from the long, grueling hours she'd put in.<br> "It's about damn time. I need your help with something, Miss Hunter." Slowly he turned his head and looked behind him to the little girl sitting off into the

shadows.

> Terri stared at the child sympathetically, but managed to give a nod to Dr. Wynn. "Yes, Doctor."<br> Motioning with his hand, Dr. Wynn pointed to the chair beside him. Obeying, the girl arose and made her way to the chair. She had the bleakest expression Terri had ever seen. The few times that she'd seen the girl, never once, had she seen her smile. Eight years old, with long, dark, brown hair extending to the small of her tiny back, along with the emptiest brown eyes.

>As she sat, Dr. Wynn knelt down before her. "Now, Jenny," he said as he forced a smile, "I hear you had another one of your nightmares last night?" Jenny only stared straight back into Wynn's eyes, saying nothing. "Would you mind telling me about it?" Still she did not respond, but instead looked over to Terri with a nervous look, it almost seemed like a cry for help. <br>Loosing all patience, Dr. Wynn suddenly grabbed Jenny by the shoulders and shook her violently, "Listen you little brat, tell me what you saw! Tell me!" Glaring into her eyes desperately like an animal he tightened his grip. Jenny leaned back in the chair to get away from Wynn; tears beginning to swell up in eyes.

>"Dr. Wynn!" Terri jumped in, realizing, at last, that she'd better do something. "Perhaps maybe, you should leave and just let me talk to her?" her voice a bit shaky.<br>Holding his gaze a moment longer, he shoved Jenny back into the chair. Then, walked back over to the console on the wall, keyed in the code, and exited the room in a huff.

>As soon as the door had closed behind him, Jenny immediately rushed up and embraced Terri. Having to lean over a bit, she returned the hug and led Jenny back to her chair. <br>Kneeling down as Dr. Wynn had done, Terri took Jenny by the hand and looked into her eyes. "Jenny, I know that it's hard for you to talk about it, but it's really important that we know what you dreamt about last night. Please, Jen?"

>Swallowing hard and fighting back tears Jenny managed to whisper the words, "I saw him!"<br>"Saw who, Sweetie?"

>With tears now streaking down her face, she continued. "The nightmare man. He was trying to kill me!" she cried.<br>Terri searched Jenny's face and took a deep breath before asking her next question, "Where was he?" Jenny shook her head. "Jenny, where WAS he!?" she demanded nervously.

>She found herself tightening her grip around Jenny's hand as the two just stared back into one another's eyes.<br>"Here, he was in here..." And at the words, Terri felt her heart stand still with fear.

>"Here? Are you absolutely sure?" Jenny nodded her head yes. "Okay, I have to go do a few things, but I'll come back later to check on you, okay?"<br>"Terri what's wrong?" asked Jenny worriedly.

>Stopping at the door, she quickly keyed in the code, then looked again at Jenny, "Nothing, don't worry, it's nothing for you to worry about." She smiled and left.<br>Directly outside the door stood Dr. Wynn. "Well?" he asked impatiently.

>Taking a deep breath to relax herself, she spoke, "She said she saw him."<br>"I already figured that! Where was he?"

>"Here," she replied as she saw the smile drape across Wynn's face at the news.<br>"Here..." he repeated with much amusement. "At last! Finally, Michael Myers will be MINE..."

><br>Chapter 3

>Haddonfield<br>October 31, 1998

>Halloween<br>

> "Tom, I need some money to buy the kids their Halloween costumes,"

said Kara that morning as she quickly finished clearing the table. Tommy turned and looked at her with a confused look.<br> "But I thought the kids didn't want to go? And besides, isn't Halloween still cancelled in this town?" he remarked.

> "Well," Kara began as Tommy turned his head toward the window. He could have sworn someone was watching them. He looked at the window, studying it a moment.<br> "Tommy, are you listening to me?" demanded Kara. A bit startled, he turned back around to face her.

> "Oh, I just thought I saw something, that's all. What were you saying?" <br>Even though he was now turned toward her, she could still see him looking at the window with the corner of his eye.

>With a roll of her eyes and a sigh, she continued, "Halloween was cancelled, but the town has a new mayor and he sees no danger in it so he's reinstating it. And Danny decided to give Halloween another chance, and since Steven's never been before I figured I could take him around too." Tommy was still busy eyeing the window, but now she could see that he was also watching the old Myers' house.<br> Feeling ignored, she went for her wet dish towel and chucked it at the back of Tommy's head.

> "Hey," he shouted, rubbing his head with one hand and placing the damp rag on the table. He looked at her again, giving her what seemed to be his full attention, but still seeming a bit distant.<br> Reaching into his jeans pocket, he pulled out two twenty dollar bills. "This enough?"

>"I suppose," she replied, swiping the money from his outstretched hand. "Danny, get your brother, we're going to the discount mart," she called upstairs.<br> After grabbing her purse and putting away a few last things, she and the kids were on their way to the car, well, just as soon as she got the garage door open. She fought and pulled at it with much effort, especially since she also held Steven in one arm. A few minutes later, the door was finally open and she and Danny stepped into the garage.

> She opened the door on the passenger's side and strapped Steven into his car seat as Danny situated himself in the back seat. As soon as he was seated, a dark figure from across the street caught his eye. As he watched, he felt his heart stand still and could.<br> Looking at him through the front window of the Myers' house was a ghostly, white face; just standing there; waiting patiently.

> "M-mom!" he yelled, looking away from the house. <br>She didn't respond.

>"Mom!" he repeated more loudly. <br>Promptly, Kara rushed over and opened the door beside Danny, embracing him and putting his head on her shoulder.

> "Shh...shh," she hushed gently, rocking him calmly in her arms. "What is it? What's the matter?"<br> "I-I saw the Boogiemán..." he muttered in a shaky voice. "H-he was watching me from the Myers' house." Kara felt her stomach flip flop, but when she turned to look at the house, there was nothing to be seen.

> Breathing a slight sigh of relief, she smiled back at Danny. "Danny, there's no one out there. You probably just had another one of your old nightmares. Michael Myers is long gone from here," she said, leaning over to kiss the top of his head. "I promise. Now how about that Halloween costume?"<br> "But, Mom, I saw him," he argued.

> "Sweetie, there's nobody there." And with that, she stood up and climbed into the driver's seat and put the key in the ignition.<br><br>It didn't start.

> "Oh, this stupid thing never works!" she cursed as she tried again and succeeded.<br> As they pulled out onto the street, the "figure"

appeared once more in the window of the Myers' house.

><br>Chapter 4

><br> As Kara pulled up in front of the Discount Store, she could see that Danny was still somewhat edgy from earlier. She realized that she too was a little wound up. The whole matter was pretty ridiculous the more she thought about it. Danny was probably just having a flashback from seeing the old town again. She smiled to herself and shook her head as she stepped out of the car and around to the other side to get Steven.

> "Come on, Stevie. Oh, boy! I swear you get bigger every time I pick you up," she heaved. "Come on, Danny, I'm going inside." Reluctantly, Danny stepped out of the car and followed his mother and Steven into the store.<br> The place was pretty much as it usually was anytime of the year, empty and small. A few people wandered about and Danny could see some Halloween decorations strewn about the walls. He watched as a young woman nonchalantly took a pair of sunglasses and stuffed them in her coat.

> "Excuse me, where are your Halloween costumes?" Kara asked a young man who worked in the store.<br> "'Round that corner to your left," he pointed.

> "Thanks," she nodded. "Come on Danny," she said, taking him by the hand and leading the way.<br> There were two shelves on either side covered with masks, make-up, and other ghoulish supplies. In the center was a rack filled with costumes of all sizes. Danny carefully started filing through the costumes, as so did Kara with Steven.

> "How 'bout this one?" asked Danny, holding up a pirate's costume. "It even comes with an eye patch!"<br> "Sure," she smiled back at him. "What do you think of this one for Steven?" She held up a black and white striped prisoner's outfit. He made a face and made a grab for another costume upon the rack, a clown costume.

> "I take that as a no," replied Kara. "Okay, okay, you can be a clown if you want to. Danny give me your costume so I can go pay for it. You can wait here and look around while I'm in line.<br> "'Kay," he said and started rummaging through some more costumes.

> It wasn't long before Kara heard Danny's cry for help. Immediately, she and the cashier, rushed back to the costumes to find Danny crouched in a corner shielding his eyes as items from the shelf above toppled down on him. <br>"Danny, what on earth did you do?" cried Kara, setting Steven down as she ran to help Danny up.

> "Nothing, I just tripped over my shoelace. It came untied," he said, pointing to his foot. Kara let out a breath that she hadn't realized she'd been holding and embraced Danny.<br> "Oh, God!" she cried in relief. "Don't ever scare me like that again, you hear?" A bit confused, he nodded. "Now, come on, I think it's time to go home. I got your costumes."

>Carefully, the cashier helped them both to their feet.<br> "Mom, where's Steven?"

>Kara abruptly looked frantically about, suddenly feeling like she had been punched in the stomach. <br>Rounding the corner, she saw him, holding a carving knife tightly in his palm as he crept up behind the woman who had stolen the sunglasses. "Steven, no!" she cried, as she rushed over and yanked it from his hand. "No!"

><br>Chapter 5

><br> Back at the house, Kara was busily trying to find where the movers had hid the phone so she could order a pizza for dinner before the kids went trick or treating.

> "Kara, why has Steven been sitting there on the couch, staring at the old Myers' house for the past three hours?" questioned Tommy as he entered the kitchen.<br> "I have no idea, but at least it's

keepin' him quiet," she answered, as she dug through a couple more boxes. "If they didn't make these celluars so small, maybe you could actually find them." Tommy quickly glanced over to the kitchen table and saw the phone laying all by itself.

> Quietly he snuck up behind Kara and tapped her on the shoulder. She jumped, placing her hand upon her chest to catch her breath.<br> "Is this what you were looking for?" he asked slyly, holding out the phone.

> "Don't ever do that again." Then she socked him in the shoulder and took the phone.<br> "Hey, what's the matter with you? Why you so jumpy tonight?" he asked worriedly. "You're not still afraid that Michael Myers is gonna find us, are you?" Kara fiddled with the phone, trying to avoid eye contact, not sure if she should tell him or not. "Kara, what is it?"

> "It's Danny," she said at last. "Earlier today he said he saw him in the window across the street."<br> "Kara-" he began, but she continued on.

> "At first I figured he was just having another one of his old nightmares, but then once we got to the store...oh, God!" she whispered, holding her head.<br> "What? What happened," Tommy urged.

> "It started happening again, Tom, except this time with Steven. He picked up a knife at the store and was about to stab this girl. The same thing happened to Danny three years ago...when he tried to stab my father," she sobbed as the tears streaked down her face. Tommy, concerned, took her into his arms to comfort her. "H-he had the blankest expression; his eyes, were just so, so dark and empty." Pulling herself away to look him in the eyes, she added, "Tommy, I think he's back..."<br> Tommy instantly felt all the anger and hatred for Myers that had come to pass over the years, surge through his body. Slowly he looked over at Steven, still staring out the window and he ran over to him.

> Gazing out himself, he saw nothing.<br>From outside came an explosion of barking from the backyard, which abruptly ceased with a cowardly whine.

> "Shit," Tommy cursed aloud, bolting back to the kitchen and into the backyard with Kara close behind.<br>"Apollo?" they called in unison, but the dog was nowhere to be found.

>Frantically, they gave the yard a quick once over, until Tommy noticed the gate was now open.<br> "Get in the house now," he yelled to Kara. "Get the kids outta here. Go!"

> Kara Hesitated, "But-"<br> "I said go!" he repeated.

> Feeling lost and uncertain, she finally ran back into the house, and that's when Tommy saw it. <br>Apollo, or at least, what was left of Apollo.

> A furry tail and a pair of skinny hind legs protruded out from under a bush near the fence. Blood slowly trickling down from the leaves and seeping into the ground.<br> Warily, he made his way toward the dog, when he suddenly heard his wife's voice, "DANNY!" echo throughout the property.

>Instantly, he flung himself back into the house and into the living room to see Kara and Steven staring out the window. Steven just looked on with a blank stare as Kara's face seemed drained of all its color and life.<br> Following their gazes, he saw Danny slowly making his way across the street toward the Myers' house.

> "Oh, shit!" he cried, heading for the door. "Get Steven out of here."<br> "Tommy, no! He'll kill you!" she screamed out the door. "Tommy!"

> Not realizing what she was doing, she instantly grabbed Steven and bolted out the door. Her heart was now pounding so loudly in her

chest that she could hear nothing else and her legs felt like jelly, as if she weren't even in control of them. She could barely even feel Steven in her arms. <br>She reached the doorway just as Tommy did and together they entered the dark house, finding Danny directly inside near the staircase.

>"Danny," they cried and ran toward him. Danny flinched, as if coming out of a trance, then looked about as if for the first time realizing where he was.<br>"M-mom?" he murmured in confusion.

>Taking him by the hand, Kara started to lead him out the door.

<br>"Come on, we've got to get out here."

>"We'd better get to Dr. Loomis; he's probably the only one who can help us," Tommy added in.<br>Unnoticed in the dark behind them, moved a dark shape, bit by bit creeping closer and closer. It stood tall, yet still undetectable in the doorway to the kitchen; directly behind Tommy. Tilting its head slightly to the right as it looked on at its victims; bearing in hand a single butcher's knife.

>Breathing hard under its white mask, it lifted the knife into the air, stepping into view. Michael Myers had come home.<br>Tommy, look out!" spat Kara in terror.

>Tommy immediately spun around, attempting to sock the figure in the face, but his fist was grabbed in midair, Being twisted and crushed in the tight grasp that Michael had on Tommy. Kara could hear the popping and splitting of bones as Tommy struggled to free himself.<br>"Kara...get out of...here," he gasped as the shape reached for his throat. Filled with dread she and the children fled from the house toward their garage.

>Realizing that his "more important" prey was escaping, Michael flung the near unconscious Tommy into the staircase and made his way for the door. Tommy hit the floor with a thud and began to feel himself slip away into unconsciousness; visions of his childhood, that fateful night in 1978, and Kara flashing before his eyes, yet slowly fading, further and further away.<br>Outside, Kara was at the garage door, along with the children. Struggling with all her might to open the jammed garage door.

>"No, don't do this to me," she cursed to herself. As she fought, Michael stepped out of the house, inching his way toward the Doyle house, his butcher's knife glistening in the moonlight.<br>"Mommy!" Danny whined, staring straight at the shape crossing the street. Kara looked back to see him now in the middle of the road. She could hear the pounding of her heart drumming through her ears and she found herself holding her breath. With all her might, she yanked the door open and rushed inside to the car with the kids.

>Quickly strapping Steven into his car seat, she looked back up to see Michael now in the driveway. Looking back down, she realized she had forgotten to grab her keys, they were still hanging from the wall beside the car.<br>"Mommy, no!" cried Danny as she burst out of the car and grabbed the keys, just as Michael entered the garage. He swung his arms toward her, attempting to make a grab, but she was too quick and escaped back into the car, slamming it shut and locking the doors. The dark figure rattled the door handle with all his might, trying to break through. He pulled harder and harder with persistence, but was still unsuccessful.

>Shoving the keys into the ignition, she turned them to start the car, but all that projected was the hacking of the engine.

<br>"Shit!" she cried, smacking the steering wheel with one hand in frustration and turning the key with the other, but still no luck.

>Anger surging through his body, Michael slammed his fist through the driver's window and went straight for Kara's throat. Squeezing it tighter and tighter as she gasped for air. Wriggling and kicking her



feet, she tried to pull free of his grasp and pull his arms away. She could feel herself weakening more and more and the noises around her seeming to come in louder, especially the sound, of the shape's breathing through the emotionless, white mask.<br>Danny instinctively crawled his way into the front seat and made a reach for the ignition and turned the key. The car roared to life and Kara slammed her foot down on the gas, causing Michael to loose his grip as the car started out of the garage and down the street.

><br>Chapter 6

>Smith's Grove<br>

>Jenny slept quietly in her bed that night. She had never quite understood why she has always been kept here in a mental institution instead of a foster home. All she knew was whatever Dr. Wynn decided to tell her. He had said that her parents were both killed when she was very young in a plane crash, but that was about all he would tell her about her family. And Miss Tate, no matter how much Jenny begged, she would not tell her anything more either.<br> Sometimes at night, she would lay awake and dream of what it was like to have a mother and father, even to be outside, for she had never seen the sunlight. For as long as could remember, she had been locked down there in the basement. To have a normal life would be like a dream come true, with toys and friends, and maybe even a dog to call her own.

>Jenny had never had any toys. All that her room consisted of was a cot, two folding chairs, and a strange machine that was hooked up to her at night to monitor her dreams.<br>And that was another peculiar thing in her life, her dreams and why they were so important to Dr. Wynn. The dreams were horrible, sometimes they would even come when she was awake, causing her to convulse and hyperventilate.

>A little down the hall, sat Terri at her desk, filing her nails and watching the monitor on Jenny. So far it had been the usual boring night and the only thing to keep her company were the thoughts of her fiancÃ©e, Nick Brower. <br>He was a tall, hansom man with blonde hair and blue eyes. She stared fondly at a picture of him upon her desk, when two arms suddenly came up from behind and wrapped around her neck. She screamed in terror and leaped out of her chair, only to see her boyfriend, Nick standing back with a lonely expression upon his face, holding a bouquet of flowers.

>"Nick, don't you ever do that to me again!" she cried, smacking him in the shoulder. He flashed her a roguish smile and put his arms around her.<br>"Yeah, but you love me anyway," he replied as he gently kissed her upon the lips and slowly leaning more into it until he had backed her up against the desk; dropping the flowers on the floor.

>Softly, he rubbed his hands up and down her back as he continued to kiss her. Terri felt her whole body beginning to tingle with pleasure when the alarm for the monitor went off and Jenny's screams followed almost instantaneously after. Nick released a sigh of disappointment as she crawled out from under him and got to her feet.<br>"I'd better check," she said, straightening herself up a bit and heading toward the door.

>"Don't be too long," he said in his deep, masculine voice. "I'll wait for you in the next room." She smiled back at him, blushing a bit.<br>"I can hardly wait," she replied with a seductive smile and slipped into Jenny's room.

><br>"Dr. Loomis!" screamed Kara as she pounded on the door to his house. "Dr. Loomis, open up, it's Kara, Kara Doyle. Dr. Loomis!" She pounded some more until finally she heard the sound of a lock and the door swing open to reveal Dr. Loomis.

>"Dr. Loomis, he's back!" she cried. His eyes widened in that special way of his as he motioned for them to come inside. Quickly, closing

and relocking the door.<br>"I knew this day would come again," he said as he hobbled on his cane into the living room with Kara and the kids close behind.

>"Is there anyway to stop him? I know you've said before, you can't stop evil, but there has to be a way." she urged. <br>Dr. Loomis turned about and for a moment they just stared back into each other's eyes and then he looked away.

>"There may be a way," he said slowly. "Wynn..." Kara felt a chill creep up her spine at his words.<br>"Wynn?"

>"Yes, he may be the only one who knows how to stop him."<br>Kara shook her head, "Dr. Loomis, why would Wynn know how to stop Michael?"

>"Because he's the one who made Michael the way he is. I never told you or Tommy because I didn't want to concern you." Carefully he staggered over to window and stared out at the moon.<br>"Are you telling me that Michael really isn't some crazed homicidal maniac? That some guy made him the way he is?" she asked in disbelief.

>"Yes, I am. Hasn't Tommy ever told you his theory about Thorn?" he asked, now facing her once again. She nodded her head and suddenly she understood. Before when Tommy had explained it to her she had thought him to be crazy and sort of ignored his little explanation.<br>"Wynn inflicted Michael with the curse of Thorn..." she gasped, feeling it all come into place.

>"And all because Michael Myers was born on the night of Samhain when the constellation of Thorn was aligned." He again looked out the window. "And he can't die until he kills off the rest of his bloodline." <br>Kara felt herself shudder as she stared down at the baby in her arms. Steven, the last of Michael Myers' bloodline, "How do we find Wynn?"

>Loomis smiled back at her in satisfaction. "At the Smith's Grove Sanitarium, but he won't help us. We'd have to search his files for the answer." <br>Kara looked at him shock. "Are you suggesting that we sneak into Smith's Grove and steal his files? What if he finds us; what if Michael finds us?!"

>Loomis started heading for the door, "Well, he'll certainly find us if we hang around here, come on!"<br>

>Chapter 7<br>

> Back at the Myers' house, Tommy gradually began to stir, moaning a bit as he propped himself up, holding his head in pain. "Uhhh, I feel like I've been hit by a truck," he moaned. Looking around, things still seemed blurry, though taking a hold of the staircase he somehow managed to pull himself up. <br>Eventually things began to clear and his thoughts returned to Kara. Wobbling out the door, he saw that the garage door was open and the car was gone. He let out a sigh of relief that she might have gotten away, but as he looked some more, he also saw that Michael was also gone.

>"Kara," he mumbled.<br> Carefully, he surveyed the street some more before stepping off the porch, nearly tripping when he did so. In the driveway next to his house he saw the neighbor's black Toyota truck. With much effort just to remain conscious, he made his way over to the truck and reached for the door handle.

> He was in luck, the door opened with ease and he found the keys hidden inside the glove compartment, but just as he was about to put the keys in the ignition, he felt his mind begin to wander and he began to fight to keep his eyes open. The world around him slowly began to spin and no sooner than he had gotten in the car, than he was unconscious, once again.<br>

> Just outside Smith's Grove Sanitarium, Dr. Loomis and Kara drove up to the gate. There was no one around except for a lonely, middle aged

guard, who making his way toward the car.<br> "Can I help you?" he asked, shining a flashlight into the dark car. Kara squinted at the light, but Loomis somehow seemed to be unaffected. He politely, yet a little impatiently, turned toward the guard from his seat. He then saw the name tag placed on the guard's chest, "Todd Ferguson."  
> "My name is Dr. Sam Loomis, I'm a former employee and I've just come to pick up a few things." <br>The guard eyed him suspiciously, "Okay, you can go, but make it quick, I'm not suppose to be letting anyone in tonight, Dr. Wynn's orders." He quickly shut off the flashlight and stepped back as Loomis sped through the gate.

>Before he could close the gate behind, Todd was interrupted, as a pair of headlights crept up behind him. <br>Turning around, he saw an old beat up station wagon pull up and shut off as if by itself.

>With the lights now off, he could now see somewhat more clearly and he made his approach. "Who's there?" he shouted.<br>The car just sat there, lifeless.

>"Please identify yourself," he repeated a little more loudly, but still silence.<br>Becoming irritated, he began to march his way over to the car, but as soon as he took a step forward, the headlights jumped back to life.

>Still standing in front of the car, he was now blinded by the bright lights. He shielded his eyes and continued to make his way to the driver's side window. <br>"All right, Buddy, practical joke's over!" he sneered as he shone his flashlight into the car, only to see that there was no one in the car at all. Before he could investigate any further, however, he heard the screeching of the gates beginning to close.

>Frantically, he spun around and reached for his gun as he saw a dark, silhouetted figure wearing a white mask walking toward him. Before firing off a shot, the masked figure grabbed him by the throat, lifted him into the air and carried him toward the closing gates.<br>Struggling with all his might as a rush of terror flowed through him. He could feel his throat being crushed by the might of this man's grip with every passing moment. He tried to scream for help as they neared and neared the gate, but nothing more than a whisper would come out.

>Upon reaching the gate, the figure lowered its victim, one hand placed now between the shoulders and the other atop the man's head. <br>"No, no, no! Please no!" begged the guard as the gates came together, crushing his skull with loud crunching noises as his head smashed together. Bits of blood and brain tissue oozed out of his cracked skull.

>Meanwhile, Loomis and Kara swiftly and silently make their way through the white corridors of Smith's Grove. The place was deserted and the lights were dim, bringing an eerie sensation to the place. Kara remembered this place all too well, for she had not so fond of memories of being chased by Michael Myers through these very halls just three years ago from this very night. <br>Loomis inched on, hobbling with his cane just ahead of Kara. She had no idea that a man in his condition and at his age could move so fast, she herself was having a bit of trouble keeping up with him, especially with having to carry Steven and keeping an eye on Danny.

>"Just where are you planning on taking us?" she gasped, still trying to keep up.<br>"Wynn's office, it's just 'round this hall," he huffed.

>When they reached the corner of the hallway, Loomis stopped them by blocking their path with his cane. "Shh, wait here, while I take a peek." <br>Cautiously, he peeked his head out from behind the corner

and opened the door to Wynn's office and after a few moments he returned saying, "It's safe, Wynn's gone for now, come on," and he hobbled back into the room.

>Taking Danny's hand and holding Steven in the other, she followed Dr. Loomis into the room, closing the door behind her.<br>Inside, Loomis immediately began digging through the desk drawers and file cabinets. "Where is it!?" he cursed to himself aloud as he shuffled through some files.

>"What exactly are we looking for?" asked Kara as she shuffled through some papers on Wynn's desk.<br>"Anything, anything that looks like it may hold the answers of this whole curse on Michael and his family," he replied, closing another of the filing drawers and opening another.

>Kara continued to search through the papers that she had in her hands until a manila folder on the desk caught her eye.<br>"Dr. Loomis?" she whispered with earnestness.

>"Hmm?" he answered without even looking up from his search.<br>"I think you'd better come take a look," she said, taking a deep breath. "I may have found something."

>Loomis instantly looked up with some surprise to her words and walked over to where she was standing beside the desk. Without a word, Kara pointed to the spot on the desk where the folder lay; his gaze followed her finger. Loomis felt his heart beat quicken as he saw the symbol of Thorn on the cover.<br>It couldn't be, he thought to himself. Why would Wynn leave this folder conveniently lying about on his desk? Something was wrong.

>"We'd better get out of here quickly," he said to Kara, lifting the folder and beginning to flip through it, he saw that it was all written in Pagan, which neither he, nor Kara knew how to read. Right then Dr. Loomis wished more than ever that Tommy had been there to decipher it for them. <br>He swiftly shut the folder and began to follow Kara out into the hall again, when a piece of paper slipped out of the folder. Loomis, staggering a bit, bent over to pick it up and was about to shove it back into place when he noticed that this one was written in English. As he took a more closer look at it with his flashlight, he noticed a picture of a little girl and the name Jennifer Audrey Myers written at the top of the page.

>Loomis let out a small cry and almost toppled over, but Kara quickly rushed to his side to help him regain his balance.<br>"Dr. Loomis, are you okay?" she asked, still holding onto his arm to give him some support.

>Loomis didn't answer, he was too busy getting a second look at the picture in front of him. Kara too was now gaping at the picture and she couldn't believe what she was seeing. The eyes, the eyes of the little girl, they were just like Michael's eyes. This little girl was somehow Michael Myers' daughter that Wynn had created.<br>"Oh my God..." she cried. "That little girl, he must be going after her. Wynn probably created her so that he could lure Michael back. Dr. Loomis we HAVE to find her, she might even be able to read what's written in the folder!" Loomis nodded and motioned his hand for them to both leave the room in search of Jenny.

><br>Chapter 8

><br>The halls of Smiths Grove were dark with very little light here and there along the floors to light the way, giving it an iridescent glow. Michael Myers slowly lurched his way through one of the many hallways, his breathing deep and rugged under the mask. Hearing footsteps not too far off ahead, forced him to turn into a nearby room to conceal himself.

>It was Terri, on her way to have her little rendezvous with her boyfriend, Nick. She gracefully slipped herself through the door just

before the one that Michael had previously entered.<br>"Hey there, Sexy!" Nick cooed as she walked into the room, closing the door behind her. "So is everything okay?" he asked from his seat among some old boxes filled with much of their patients' things.  
>"Oh, she just had another one of her nightmares," she said nonchalantly, accidentally knocking over a broom standing by the door. She picked it up and leaned it against the wall.<br>Nick sat up a bit more with curiosity at this. "Are you okay? You seem a little shaky."

>Terri let out a big sigh and sat down beside Nick on the box. "Yeah, I'm just a little shaken up, that's all. I mean, with Jenny and her dreams that Michael Myers is going to come after her tonight, it just gives me the willies." She paused a moment and met his gaze, "I know, I sound silly, don't I?" she professed.<br>Nick smiled and put his arms around her, "Well forget about it because the only thing that you have to be afraid of now is me," he said and keenly added in a little growl. Terri giggled at his unique sound effects, but Nick abruptly cut her off with a long, passionate kiss.

>As they kissed, the door to the room began to creep open and in slipped a shadowed figure, unseen to them in the already dark room.  
<br>Nick now held Terri in his arms and gently ran his fingers through her hair as they persisted to kiss. It wasn't long until he had taken his shirt off. Terri then opened her eyes, but noticed that the broom by the door was now missing and she stopped Nick for the moment.

>"What's the matter now?" he asked, now a bit frustrated. He noticed now that Terri looked white as a sheet and looking like she wanted to scream. He idly turned around to see what was so important as to interrupt their romantic get together for the second time that night.  
<br>It was Michael Myers.

>"Holy shit!" he cried and quickly pushed Terri behind him as Michael snapped the tip of the broom off while slowly inching his way closer and closer to Nick.<br>"Terri, get out of here, NOW!" he cried, but before she could move, Michael took the now jagged end of the broom and shoved it through Nick's esophagus. Blood immediately began to pour out everywhere and Michael then began to twist and lift Nick up into the air using the broom.

>Terri felt sick to her stomach, but was too frightened to scream. As Michael lifted Nick, she decided now was her chance to run and leave the room.<br>Michael gingerly tilted his head from side to side as he held his victim above his head, as if pondering what to do with him next, when Terri whisked by him and ran out the door. Impatiently, Michael tossed aside Nick's corpse and the now bloody broomstick to follow in his pursuit of Terri.

><br>Dr. Sam Loomis and Kara Doyle were making their way through the halls of Smith's Grove Sanitarium toward Jenny Myers' room. In her arms, Kara held Steven, while Danny followed close behind.

>"Kara I sure hope you're guess about Jenny knowing how to decipher the cure for Michael is correct," stated Dr. Loomis. "Of course it would make sense if she does, afterall, Wynn must have in some way, raised her and taught her a few things here and there. I just hope it happens to be Pagan."<br>The four continued their search for Jenny as elsewhere in the hospital, Michael Myers continued his chase for Terri. Terri was so frightened that she was no longer able to think clearly. She had ran into a part of the building that was under construction and deserted with lots of machinery and tools instead of just running for the front door. In a desperate attempt to hide, she thoughtlessly turned into one of the rooms, but Michael still followed.

>"NO! Oh my God! NO! Please!" she cried while in tears and grabbed a

nearby hammer to try to defend herself. "Leave me alone, you unholy son of a bitch" she screamed as Michael picked up a pickaxe and began to walk toward her. <br>Frantically, Terri swung the hammer, but missed as Michael dodged out of the way. She tried once again in a desperate hope, but to no avail. She decided to try again and lifted the hammer once more into the air to take one last swing. She shouted at the top of her lungs to her predator, "Die, you son of a bitch!"

>Michael, getting a firm grip on the pickaxe, raised it into the air and drove the tip through Terri's skull. Her eyes rolled back into her head and blood began to ooze from the fractures in her head, Terri collapsed to the cold floor.<br>Just around the corner of the hall outside, are Loomis and Kara as Michael is seen by Danny dragging Terri's lifeless body out of the room.

>"Mommy!" Danny quivered as he saw the sight of it, but Dr. Loomis and his mother were too far ahead of him to hear him or to see anything before Michael had disappeared around the corner. <br>"Looks like it's up to me before he gets away," Danny whispered aloud to himself as he ventured down the blood soaked stream left behind by Michael.

><br>Chapter 9

><br> It wasn't long before the trail of blood that Danny had been following mysteriously stopped and disappeared. Danny was on his own now, having to use his best judgement as to where Michael might have gone. He decided to start checking out some of the rooms, turning into the next one that he saw.

>There was no sign of Michael.<br>

>Elsewhere, Dr, Loomis and Kara had now finally reached the hall which Jenny was suppose to be located in according to her file.<br>"It shouldn't be much further now," stated Dr. Loomis, reading the chart as to which direction to go in.

> "Phew! It's about time; Danny, come up here and hold my hand again, I don't want you getting lost," said Kara.<br>There came to reply or hand.

>"Danny, I said-" But when she turned around, Danny was no where to be found. "Oh my God, NO! Danny! Dr. Loomis, we HAVE to go find Danny!" she shrieked in fright.<br> Dr. Loomis immediately latched onto Kara's arm before she could run away. "There's no time; Danny will be fine, it's not him that Michael's after. Danny's next in line for the curse, so you see, unless we break the curse, Danny will be doomed to follow in Michael's footsteps. If we don't stop Michael now, God knows when we'll have the chance again!"

>Kara, disgusted that Loomis would even suggest such a thing as to leaving her son behind, broke away from Loomis' surprisingly tight grip and ran down the hall off to find Danny.<br>

>As Danny walked down the hall he was able to catch a quick glimpse of what looked to be Michael's shadow, crawl across the wall on the far side of the room.<br> Frightened, Danny instinctively began to retreat, until his back finally met with something, something wet. He felt the back of his neck to see what it was; blood. Danny's hands became shaky as he slowly pivoted around. Hanging from a coat hanger on the door, was Nick's body; dangling lifelessly like a dead fish.

> Pale as death, Danny escaped out the door, right smack into Michael Myers. <br>Danny fell to the floor from the impact. Michael just looked down at Danny, tilting his head, as if pondering what to make of the situation. In his right hand he clutched to his knife. His hands were covered with newly dried blood.

> Slowly, Michael took a step closer to Danny, ready to kill. Danny flinched, squinting his eyes, waiting for the sharp tear of the knife

to enter through his chest and bring upon him his death.<br> At that exact moment, a strange transparent figure appeared behind Michael, which made Danny open his eyes a little more for a better look.

>It was a woman, with short brown hair. She looked not more than fifteen and wore a white hospital gown.<br> "Uncle, leave him alone," the ghostly figure shouted. Michael blinked and turned around, shaking his head, as if trying to gain some control over himself. For a moment Danny and Michael both stared at the ghost.

> "Michael, fight it," the ghost preached, when she said this, Michael released its grip upon the knife and let it fall to the floor. Michael grabbed his head and shook it from side to side, but no sooner had he started fighting back, than he suddenly lost all control. Bending over and snatching up the knife, he headed for Danny.<br> "Danny, run!" yelled the ghost, fading away, back to where ever it had come from.

> Quickly, Danny scurried to his feet and headed down the hall with Michael not far behind in hot pursuit.<br> Turning the hall, Danny ran into another obstacle. With a thud he fell back onto the floor. He looked up to see his mother holding Steven as Dr. Loomis came running up from behind, out of breath.

> Immediately, Kara bent down and embraced Danny. "Oh, Danny, thank God, don't ever run off on me like that again!"<br> "Michael Myers is right behind me, we gotta get out of here," Danny pleaded as he turned around to how close he had come now, but no one was there.

>"Where'd he go? He was right there, and this ghost appeared and-"<br> Dr. Loomis interrupted with interest, "Ghost, what ghost?"

> "I don't know, it was some girl with short, brown hair. She called Michael her uncle."<br> "Jamie!" gasped Dr. Loomis, turning pale. "Jamie Lloyd!"

> "Who?" both Kara and Danny chimed.<br> "Jamie Lloyd, Michael Myers' niece, she was killed by Michael just a few years ago. She was Steven's mother," Dr. Loomis explained, pointing to the baby in Kara's arms.

> With this talk of Michael and his family, Kara suddenly remembered what they had come here for and declared that they had all best be on their way. Everyone nodded in agreement and continued back down the hall.<br> "Dr. Loomis, why is this Jenny girl so important? And how can she be Michael's daughter?" asked Danny as they walked.

> "Wynn probably took samples of Michael's DNA and somehow created Jenny using science, but we've got to hurry, we don't have much time. Tommy told me once before that Michael's curse can only be broken on Halloween night."<br> In the shadows of the hall behind them, a hand clenched into a fist as the person standing there heard the words that Loomis had just said. Rage fled through Michael like a freight train, he had to kill.

> <br>Chapter 10

><br> Dr. Loomis, Kara, and Danny swiftly made their ways through the many twists and turns of the staircase down to where Jenny's room was located according to her chart. When they finally they reached the door, they were left to discover that it was an iron clad, locked door. To the side of it lay a keypad to enter in the code.

>"Oh, great! Now what are we gonna do?" Kara griped as she passed Steven over onto her right side. Dr. Loomis just stared at the keypad, studying it and finally punching in a series of numbers.<br>The lock on the door made a soft click.

>"How did you do that?"<br>"Easy, I just typed in Michael's birthday." He gave a slight grin and turned the handle on the door to

enter.

>"Hold it right there, Loomis," cried Dr. Wynn. <br>Wynn was already inside, holding Jenny beside him with a knife to her throat. Michael followed Loomis, Kara, and Danny into the room.

>"There's nothing you can do, Loomis." Said Wynn, pushing a button behind him, which caused the door to close with a bang, locking it once more.<br>"You're a madman," cried Dr. Loomis.

>"Oh, am I now? Well, I may be a madman, but at least I'm not about to die. You see, Dr. Loomis. With Jenny and Steven now trapped in this room, Michael can now finally complete the curse." He smiled devilishly as he turned to Danny and Kara.<br>"And then someone else can begin their journey."

>"No!" murmured Kara as she pulled Danny close to her. Wynn only smiled some more at her apparent terror.<br>Hobbling on his cane, Dr. Loomis approached Wynn, "If you are trying to get Michael to fulfill the curse by killing all the living members of his family, then why create him a daughter?"

>"Dr. Loomis, I created Jenny so that Michael would feel the telepathic link between him and her, making him want to return here. You see, Michael and his relatives can read each others' thoughts. I used Jenny to monitor what Michael was doing until he was finally lured back here to Smith's Grove."<br>Jenny's eyes widened as he said this and she looked up at Dr. Wynn, then Michael. For years she had wanted a parent and now she finally found out that one actually existed. She wanted to run to him and have him hold her, but knew she couldn't, for he might kill her, but she had to try she told herself.

>"Michael, kill the girl first," Wynn commanded as he threw Jenny forward to the floor. Michael clenched his knife and stepped toward Jenny.<br>Just then there came a banging from the door. Everyone turned to look.

>Tommy's face could be seen through the small little window.<br>"Dr. Loomis," he shouted through the thick door. "You have to get Michael to kill Wynn, that's the only way to free him from the curse is to kill the one who cast it upon him."

>Loomis and Wynn both shared a glance at one another. This was it, it was now or never, he had to act now, "Michael, wait!"<br>Michael suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned to look at Dr. Loomis. "Michael, you can fight this. The little girl, you love her, she's yours, your flesh and blood. Save her Michael, save yourself, destroy the one who did all this to you, Michael..."

>For a moment more he looked at Loomis and then turned his attention to Jenny. She was lying on the floor, trembling in fear; tears were in her eyes. She looked up at him hopefully. Michael tilted his head as he looked at her.<br>"Michael, kill her!" roared Dr. Wynn, but Michael only turned his gaze now onto him. With his knife held tightly in his fist, he took a step toward Wynn.

>"That's it Michael," whispered Dr. Loomis. Dr. Wynn's face suddenly paled and he slowly began to back his way up until he no longer had anywhere to go.<br>Michael's hand lashed out and grabbed Wynn's neck, squeezing it until Wynn was gasping for air. Michael lifted him up against the wall and brought his knife down into Wynn's evil heart. The sounds of skin and tissues being torn could be heard as blood came pouring out his chest cavity, staining Wynn's shirt bright red. Michael backed away, Wynn was dead and pinned to the wall.

>But as soon as Michael had stabbed Wynn, Michael grabbed his head in pain. Jenny saw this and ran over to hug him as Michael fell to the floor, writhing in pain, until finally his movement ceased. <br>He managed to hug Jenny back though before his final breath.

>Michael Myers was at last free and Dr. Loomis could now finally



"retire."<br>

End  
file.